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Until you've used **BLISS** Detergent for the dishes you just don't know how easy the greasiest of wash-ups can be! Test after test carried out in ordinary homes by housewives just like yourself, proved that **BLISS** does away with drying by cloth altogether and halves the time spent in actual washing. These tests also prove that much less than half the effort goes into the whole job when **BLISS** is used. No wonder they call **BLISS** "the magic wash"! This is all you need do the very first wash-up after you have **BLISS** in the house. Shake into the water a few drops through the new sprinkler economy top. Then just

pick the dishes out of the warm water and stand in a rack to dry quickly. How they'll gleam and sparkle without your putting a tea-towel near them. Lovely china looks lovelier. All silver and glassware looks brighter, because it's cleaner. Everything scintillates with a new cleanliness. **BLISS** works the same magic with nylon, silks, woollies, babies' napkins and clothes, and other dainties, too. The half-crown bottle is available from every grocer, chemist, department store or chain store (country districts slightly higher price). You are bound to try **BLISS**, the sensational household detergent before very long. Why not now!

5.4A



## Radio Review

### END OF A SESSION

I DOUBT whether anybody would deny that many **ZB Book Review** sessions were patchy, and several downright dull; but the programme's longevity and the many regular listeners it won shows that its virtues outweighed its deficiencies. As R. M. Burdon pointed out in his valedictory during the final session, it is wiser to end a feature while it still has a respectable following than to allow it to outstay its welcome. At the same time, this feature gave a touch of distinction, even of "class," to **ZB Sundays**, and attracted many listeners whose normal channels were **YA** and **YC**. The pleasure the session gave me makes me regret its passing; but I will regret it much more if some similar literary feature does not replace it. Books receive almost no attention from commercial radio, apart from brief puffs in women's hours, and since **ZB Book Review** was a success, I hope that the Commercial Division will be bold enough to devise another session for the reading public. This becomes especially desirable now that *Book Shop*, like one of those giant amoebas of science-fiction, has absorbed all local book-review sessions, and has a national weekly monopoly of current literature.

#### Educated by Archie

I AM convinced that good radio comedians insinuate themselves, rather than explode, into listeners' affections. My family, who listened to *Educating Archie* last year, praised it highly, but just as I, remembering *ITMA*, was slow to surrender to *TIFH*, so I was Archie-resistant for weeks, thinking it poorish

stuff, and contrasting Archie unfavourably with Charlie McCarthy. It was Max Bygraves who finally won me over. His cheeky self-assurance and happy vulgarity remind me a little of both Frankie Howerd and Sam Costa, but he has his own individuality. I have come to look forward to him, and also to appreciate the unusual touch of imaginative whimsy in the scripts—the glorious Indian Rope-Trick scene, for instance, or the adventures in a beehive. Much of the appeal of BBC comedy features seems to lie in the fact that the comedians grow on you, that catch-phrases, by repetition, become unanalysably funny, like family jokes, and that the cast really seem to be enjoying themselves. In any case, I'm now an Archie fan, and am glad that, now Max and Archie have given way at **1ZB** to a newer and livelier Horne and Murdoch, there are still a few more episodes to enjoy from **1YA**.

—J.C.R.

#### Heart and Mind

OCCASIONALLY the radio presents us with someone who can talk about our country with a response to the natural scene which lifts the sessions to the threshold of poetry. I can remember a series of brief but arresting talks on South Island wayside stations, and now in **4YA's Country Calendar** Bert Dreaver has been dealing with Central Otago. In the two sessions I was fortunate enough to hear, Cromwell and the Maniototo were the subjects. A natural tendency in those who love the countryside is to make of it a retreat from the pettiness of small town intrigue. But this very movement is coupled with an unsatisfying vagueness. The contrast, most noticeable in radio programmes, is for the man of affairs to burble over innumerable details seen and felt without passion or life, without the shaping of that individual imagination which gives interest to the memories and facts. Bert Dreaver

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### ★ The Week's Music . . . by OWEN JENSEN ★

THE Alex Lindsay String Orchestra's July 8 broadcast on the **YC** link was a milestone in the life of the orchestra and of broadcasting, too. This is the first time, I think, that a wholly professional independent group has been engaged on a regular basis by the **NZBS** and certainly the first time the national link has been used for this purpose. As for the Orchestra, it must surely feel that its struggles to establish itself as a permanent organisation are about over.

Most significant work in the programme was the Auckland composer Carrick Thompson's *Prelude: Hill Country*, which, despite some arid spots where the music seemed to stop still wondering which hill to climb next, proved to be a work of vitality and attractive lyrical quality. The Lindsay Orchestra had obviously given the music devoted attention. Donald Munro, associated with the Orchestra in Finzi's "Let Us Garlands Bring," gave a convincing performance of music which one feels does not always make the best of Shakespeare's words. An anachronism in the programme was the use of piano continuo in the Telemann Overture. Maybe the **NZBS** will run to a harpsichord sometime.

Most sensational broadcast of the week was Bela Siki's performance of

the Liszt Sonata in B Minor (**YC** link). Technically and musically it was a tour-de-force. A few nights previously Bela Siki had given some crystal clear Bach and an intelligently conceived presentation of Beethoven's Sonata in A Flat, Op. 110, all of which were the stamp of a first-rate pianist, unheralded by any fanfare of gramophone records, but nevertheless "one out of the box."

In a week of some of the most exciting broadcasts for some time, Janetta McStay's piano playing with Maurice Clare in sonatas by Hindemith and Francaix (**YC** link) was outstanding. Maurice Clare's share in the broadcast had the finesse we have come to expect of him. For singing there was Andrew Gold and Pamela Woolmore in a charmingly lightish but beautifully sung programme of solos and duets (**YA** link). And several stars, too, for Warwick Braithwaite's spoken introduction to his National Orchestra's performance of Moussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition* (**YC** link), a note of informality that went well with Moussorgsky's art gallery promenade. For something off the beaten track, Roy Hill's Wellington Madrigal Group made most interesting listening in J. C. Bach's "Three Songs of Mourning," with organ and bassoon accompaniment. Altogether this was a week of exceptional enjoyment.

N.Z. LISTENER, JULY 23, 1954.